I have paid your bills; I don't think they come to £7 quite. We were very much under-rated; absurdly; so I see no reason why your rates should have gone up half as much as ours.

52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

2nd June. 1926

Dearest,

Bloomsbury is ringing with two great excitements: 1: Julian Morrell is engaged to a son of old Vinogradov: 2: Miss Bulley – the stormy petrel of revolution – is engaged to her cousin Armitage. You will be delighted to hear that Ottoline & Philip are behaving scandalously: refuse to consent: dislike the young man who is penniless: & ignore the whole affair. Julian is behaving with great spirit, & its said that Garsington presents a scene of unparalleled horror. Needless to say, I am going to stay there. Bulley's climax is hailed with high joy. People, like Angus & Francis & Duncan, say she has been lumbering after them since 1910: daily growing more vociferous, as her natural charm decreased. But how, high & arid as she is, Armitage has succumbed, I know not. Further, Ottoline has taken, on long lease too, a house in Gower Street. She settles in next autumn. (But I meant to conceal this, and tremble lest you should at once buy a Palazzo on a Canaletto: really, you'll be touched to hear, I pine for a cup of tea with you: I am starved; I wake in the night crying your name: I am jealous of Duncan)
So you see what we're gossiping about in Bloomsbury.

We were at a party at Edith Sitwell's last night, where a good deal of misery was endured. Jews swarmed. It was in honour of Miss Gertrude Stein who was throned on a broken

letter (all Edith's furniture is derelict, to make up for which she is stuck about with jewels like a drowned mermaiden.) This resolute old lady inflicted great damage on all the youth. According to Dadie, she contradicts all you say; insists that she is not only the most intelligible, but also the most popular of living writers: & in particular despises all of English ~~[illegible]~~ birth. Leonard, being a Jew himself, got on very well with her. But it was an arduous exacerbating affair: Germans were introduced to me; Mr Ackerley; Isaacs; & at last a wizened wire-drawn emaciated little man, whose name, he said, I should never have heard: it was Squire, or Squires: he said he is perhaps the worst living painter, admires you & Duncan hugely, & — that was about all. Of course I said he was only too modest. But what is one to say? He said Duncan as a boy used to be the most garrulous of company: laughed & talked without stopping. (This was in the year 1900). Now, he said, he is completely changed. But he may have been talking of some other Grant. Then I said, by way of a joke, how you had broken your watch, & could never come home anymore. So he pointed out how there is a clock at St Marks. By this time I was so ~~[illegible]~~ morose that I flew to the bosom of Todd, & there reposed. I have asked her to write her life, but I gather that there are passages of an inconceivable squalor. (Did I tell you how I made Todd tell me of a dressmaker, your Miss Fletcher reducing me to such a state of despair & fury that I was driven to a step which nothing, I thought, could have led me to: I am now going to get 3 10 guinea dresses a year.)

Mary has just sent me a Sapphic post card from Paris, where I suppose she is practising the other vice with the Parrokeet. Vita is back — that will rouse you. Nor do you

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52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

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really want to hear my rhapsodies about Monks House, where we were last week. It is not of course by any means ready: but the luxury of water running in torrents, boiling hot, for every purpose is inconceivable. Even Nelly had to admit she can cook perfectly there. But I shall want a great deal of advice, not to say help, from you. The drawing room, for example ... Here I check myself, well knowing from the experience of years, how my nose can be rapped. I meant to expostulate with you, by the way: is it really true that you think I have a bad temper? Some of the ravens of Bloomsbury, ~~fowls of~~ fowls of darkness, so aver: to which I reply, vain, egotistical, selfish, ~~I~~ I may be — but my temper (as my husband will vouch) is angelic.

Then I went to your show. Angus will have told you about the sales: I hope your 4 pictures were £100 each. Bicknell introduced himself, & said it was all a tremendous success: the first day 4 people were bidding at once for Grants Twickenham: the only question was, who could stick the ticket on first. But you brush all this aside. It is my opinion you want. What I think is this: there is a divinely lovely landscape of yours of Charleston: one of flashing brilliance, of sunlight crystallised, of diamond durability. This I consider your masterpiece. I do not think the big picture of Angelica &c. in the garden quite succeeds. I expect the problem of empty spaces, & how to model them, has rather baffled you. There are flat passages, so that the design is not completely comprehended. I think the blue boat by the bridge is my favourite of the smaller works. Indeed, I was amazed, a little alarmed (for as you have the children, the fame by rights belongs to me) by your combination of

pure artistic vision & brilliance of imagination the mistress of the brush — you are now undoubtedly that; but still I think the problems of design on a large scale slightly baffle you. For example, the Aunt Julia photograph. It seems to me that when you muffle the singing quality of your tone, & reduce the variety & innumerability of colours (the green breast radiance in what you are so supreme that, before hot pokers, or the asters (?) my mind shivers with joy) to bone, where the frame of the design is prominent, then, now & again, you falter, or somehow flatten. But I was hugely impressed, & kept on saying that your genius as a painter, though rather greater than I like, does still shed a ray on mine. I mean, people will say, What a gifted couple! Well: it would have been nicer had they said; Virginia had all the gifts; dear old Nessa was a domestic character — alas, alas, they'll never say that now. As for the mouthwatering loveliness of Grant, I need say nothing. Twickenham, I see, is what people call genius: I'm not sure I dont prefer the Wilmington landscape. I like the bareness of that: also of Bea. (whose stories I'm just rejecting, very tenderly & encouragingly) I like its impure colour. I thought Porter's purple sea scape singularly enchanting. Dear old Roger, middle-ly pirouettes, round & round, in the manner of Duncan. And he sold that one too. No: I will not let you two bitches have the laugh of me any longer. Duncan is gibbering as he used in the year 1900. My dear Duncan, why did Squire make you laugh in the year 1900? I see why you laugh at me for writing about painting: but Squire was no laughing matter last night. I can assure you.

The Press is thinking of talking again, one day soon. Angus is charming; only very sleepy. We are now doing rather well. Do come back soon. I borrowed of you the other day a necklace.

VB

NYPL

HAMILL 6/1/66

alone with me — L. is going back. I say no more; as you are bored by Vita, bored by love, bored by me, & everything to do with me, except Quentin & Angelica; but such has long been my fate, and its better to meet it open eyed. Still, the June nights are long & warm; the roses flowering; & the garden full of lust & bees, mingling in the asparagus bed.
I must go in & tidy up. V.W.

1926

Monks House
Rodmell.

Sunday
June 13th

Dearest,

We have been having an influenza epidemic, caused, its thought, by Lottie & the Stephen's dog, so have come down here for a few days, as it gave me a slight headache. But I'm practically all right again. I suppose there's no chance of your being at Charleston? If so, I might possibly see you — or even ~~inveigle~~ inveigle you over. ~~May~~ I did not like to insinuate that your genius with the brush & the pot is badly required: but so it is; & I have purposely left ~~sev~~ several bare beams in the drawing room, ~~fo~~ should

you feel inspired. I will say this: it has the makings of a most peculiar & I think comfortable, charming, characteristic, queer resort; but a paralysis attacks my vision when directed to practical details. What curtains? What chair covers? Would I be allowed some rather garish but vibrating & ~~ten~~ radiating green & red lustres on the mantelpiece? Showers of glass, ~~&~~ shaped like long fingers in a bunch — you know my taste that way. Also I want to buy a ship in a glass bottle: also a mother of pearl & wooden platter.

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But I will wait for you.

It was Francis who told us about Bulley. Other people agree that it is true. He says he has suspected it this 12 months, ever since he lunched with Mr. Armitage & Bull: & was positive from their enamoured ways; but said nothing, & it is now (he says) public. Armitage is charming, rich, fair haired & a cousin: Bull: is like a rich galleon at last afloat, all her banners streaming, & her caskets (what this may signify I know not) open to the air.

I saw Sybil (my dear friend Sibyl Colefax I mean) who had met Ottoline nefariously engaged in trying to bring about an engagement between Julian & the Hon. Richard Smith, son of W. H. Smith, fabulously rich. The Morrell case against Vinogradoff is that he made Julian tipsy in Oxford, then extracted from her particulars of Philip's will, found that she will have £2,000 & Garsington on death of Pipsy. & so proposed. Philip is naturally incensed, particularly as he will have to provide for them until his death. Molly completely dished herself by writing to congratulate Ottoline. The correct attitude (mine, of course) is discreet ~~by~~ but sympathetic silence. We are going there at the end of the month. Ott. is giving bi-weekly tea parties at 6 Gower Street during the autumn (during 6 autumns, for they have a 6 year lease) one for intimacy, the other for society "We will discuss Everything in the whole Universe" she says. Really, her style is much like Madge's.

Leonard wants me to begin by giving you his best love: to go on, by saying, in sorrow, not anger, that it is a little ungenerous of you, he can't help thinking, to plant him with a complete

imbecile like Ede, & then to complain of Ede's idiocy.
The village cat could have written a better article
than Ede. Ede now haunts him & demands more
work: but why did you recommend Ede? Ede is
your hatching: Ede is your brewing. Ede must now be
despatched by you — you know how — "I am going to
tell you &c &c." We had the first of our
talks with Angus. He gave way on every point, as you
said. He thinks he mistook what was wanted, & will
try to take up a new attitude. Meanwhile, a man
who has been with Arnold for 12 years & has vast
experience, wants to come. Except for the sake of the
Press we ought to take him; on the other hand, Angus is
so charming, & might develop, & brisk up — anyhow,
We are to talk again.

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What could account for Duncan's habits except his
genius? Of course Twickenham is a work of genius: all
tragic; Duncan has genius: but Duncan has, what is much
rarer — sanity. These two together fuse into blocks of
solidity; the one shoots into spirals of volatility.
I'm much amused you should call it a dogs thought after
my criticism — considering how it was fired off with
my feet on the fender in 6 seconds precisely. I see I did
not express my enormous admiration of both your
gifts: which was even more direct & ardent than
usual. No pictures now painted give me so much
pleasure. Vita is now arriving to spend 2 nights

HAMILL 6/1/66

June 18 1926

Friday

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52 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

Dearest,

Yes, I came back, as I am now recovered (but infinitely sensible, & refusing Sybils parties).

When shall you be back? You are urgently needed: to start a Pc Club: to get up a book of Aunt Julias photographs, among other things.

No one blames you for anything. Everybody loves you — including Vita, whose motives are suspect however. "So beautiful, so charming" &c.

A great rush of Apostles is taking place, but I have

L. went to Lydia's first night with Maynard, who was so nervous he spoilt the evening.

Fond & frantic love to Marjorie, whom I love passing the love of women. also to Angelica. A letter from Quentin, who wants to attack the Keynes:

avoided them.

I wish you had bought me linen & china in Paris: but what the are you wishing? Clive is coming to tea. We dine with Mary tomorrow "You must see my lovely room!" Did you ever get paid?

Oh how delicious for you to see me again! I'm agog with excitement at the thought. And all you think is how lovely Angelica is, how adorable, how delicious Charleston, what a great painter Duncan is, & I too (this is how happy I am) what you think I have every grace & every gift. Thank God I'm not what you think.

Virginia Woolf.

Hamill 2/10/68

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I forgot to ask you the one thing I wanted last night – have you any Aunt Julia letters? I vividly remember reading some, to mother, I think; but can't find any here. I'm now writing about her, & it would be a great advantage to have some of her actual words, which I imagine were extremely profuse, to quote. But I daresay they've all disappeared. I don't want to have to apply to George or Bee Cameron, if I can help.

If you have, would you ring up tomorrow morning, & I will come & get them. If not, don't bother.

I suppose you would find it too dull to dine with me, alone, a Sunday night? L. is going to Roger. VB.

I almost wrote you, by the way, ten pages of adoration & deification of motherhood — but refrained, thinking you wd think it sentimental — Now if you sometime kind me voluntarily perhaps I shd. not be afraid.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1
Telephone: Museum 2621

I'm seeing Hugh in order to discuss possible plans for Angus — arent I angelic!

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~~M.~~ Tuesday
~~29th~~ 24th June

Dearest Dolphin.

Many thanks for the covers. I'm afraid we are reduced to having the printed one — I mean the one you re-arranged. The practical difficulties of the new one seem to be too great. One cant lock up type in that border, therefore each cover would have to be printed twice, or you would have to make a fresh design for each. So it seems simpler, though to my thinking duller, to use the re-arrangement. Anyhow that is infinitely better than it was. I'm annoyed; as this is my permanent edition; & if you were on the spot we could devise something. But theres the usual difficulty about time. I will send the size of the new cover as soon as it is settled — I mean the one called a Room of ones own for the youth of Cambridge in October. I like the new cover very much.

This business has killed all desire in me to write a letter, & I am also hurrying off to lunch. I've seen a good many people, but in a crowded & confused way. I will write tomorrow of Nan — having just refused to go to Long Barn with Clive in his Daimler. I dont think there's much chance that Harold will get a job in London. I've told Vita about the Penroses. We caught our train — it began to pour in Paris. Here its roasting hot.

VB.